

CORY SEEMS TO BE A BIT SOUR ON 'THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES,' BUT DON'T BLAME US



"You are the new stenographer, I suppose, Miss er—ah—"

By John Campbell Cory.

Chapter I.

"I declare it makes me sick!" ejaculated Mr. Ezra J. Carker, throwing the morning paper on the floor and addressing his wife across the breakfast table. "Here are two more society suicides and no less than three brand new divorce cases among the best people in this city! How can men be such idiots?"

"I think the women are mostly to blame," ventured Mrs. Carker.

"Nothing of the sort!" retorted Mr. C., "It's the fool men! A woman is naturally a weak creature and dependent; a man who is worthy to be called a man has the strength to withstand temptation; if he's a clean-minded man he won't even be tempted. I have no patience with a sap-headed chump who loses his head over a pretty face, or with the low-minded beast—whatever his social station—who will take advantage of

youth and innocence in the weaker sex!"

Chapter II.

There was the usual accumulation of mail at the office that morning, and by the time he had run through it Mr. Carker's mind had reverted from the breakfast table theme to market quotations on pig iron. Abstractedly he pushed a button summoning a stenographer and began a rapid fire of dictation, without looking up, as soon as she was seated.

As he was nearing the completion of the third letter a remarkably musical voice requested him to repeat a sentence.

Carker turned slowly around and gazed into the most beautiful pair of brown eyes he had ever seen. And the face and form were made to match, exquisite—delicate—bewitching.

His stupid stare of admiration caused the young woman to blush crimson and cast her eyes shyly down upon her notebook, but Carker